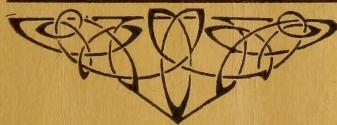


W.W. & J. for R. J.

Adventures OF THE “Venture”



By C. H. J. SNIDER
TORONTO
1923

North Latitudes

Tom
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4822R

Adventures of the . . . “Venture”



BY C. H. J. SNIDER

TO THE
“VENTURE’S”
GREAT CAPTAIN
AEMILIUS JARVIS

THIS LITTLE COLLECTION
REPRODUCING

“EVENING TELEGRAM” DESPATCHES
SENT HOME DURING THE
VOYAGE

BY ONE OF HIS CREW, IS
RESPECTFULLY AND GRATEFULLY
DEDICATED

BY THE CULPRIT.

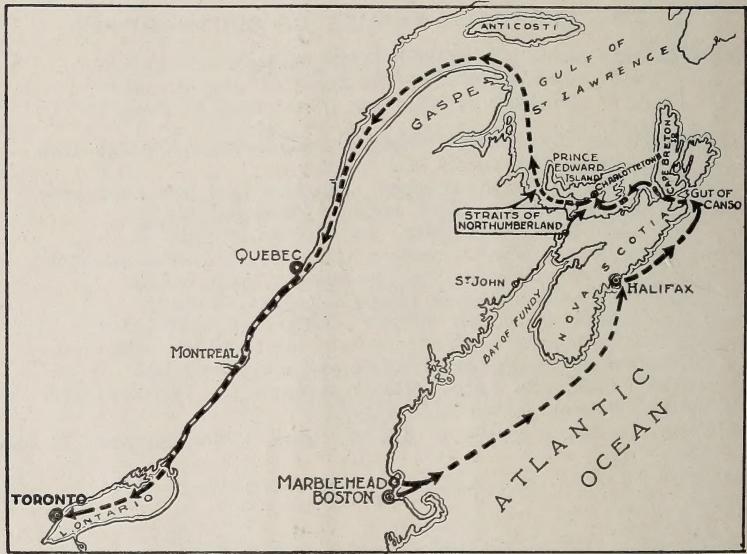
THE ORIGINAL VENTURE OF SOUTHAMPTON.

King Henry—"Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France!"

Chorus: ... "Thus with imagined wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Then that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing,
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confused; behold the threaden sails
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrowed sea,
Breasting the lofty surge."

—King Henry V, Act II, Scene 2, Southampton, *et seq.*

HOW THE VENTURE CAME TO TORONTO



The map shows the Venture's route from Marblehead, near Boston, to Halifax, to the Gut of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, to Charlottetown, and up through the straits of Northumberland and around Gaspe into the St. Lawrence River, and so home.

THE SCHOONER'S DEBUT ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

Venture Opens Yankee Eyes.—"Latest Whisper" at Larchmont.—Beat the Famous New York Forties First Time Raced and Gave the Fifties a Go.—Great Designer a Guest.—"Wizard of Bristol" One of Dinner Party of Ten Entertained by Mr. Jarvis—Americans Puzzled Over the "R. C." Yacht Club.

Larchmont, Long Island Sound, July 24.—(Staff special).—Before starting home with his new white-hulled ship Venture, of Southampton, Commodore Jarvis is taking a look into some of the principal American yachting centres, to see what she will do among American yachts.

This is "Larchmont Week," when yachts from all over the Sound congregate for a *rezzatta*. Yesterday we counted sixty-eight racing at one time. Sometimes there are as many as two hundred.

Venture did exceedingly well. There was no exact class for her, so she was put in with the "New York 50's"—great white sloops with high towers of sail, which had to give her time allowance, as she is schooner-rigged and carries 800 square feet of canvas less than they do—an area of about 25 per cent. less.

Off the wind she could hold the "fifties," but on the wind they got away from her, except when it breezed up. Then she could hold her own with any of them. Her sails, just bent on, are not as good yet as they will be.

Venture was second boat at the first buoy, but finished third, being beaten by Virginia and Harpoon.

The real race was against the "New York 40's," which started five minutes later. They are fine, able sloops, black, gray or white in color, about as big as Mr. Jarvis' former schooner Haswell, but with as much sail as the Venture.

Two of them overhauled us and passed us at one stage of the race, but we beat them going to windward, and as soon as we got around

the weather mark and swung off with the big balloon staysail covering everything from the main truck to the deck like a drop curtain—why, we walked away from them, finishing ten minutes ahead of the leader and half an hour ahead of the last of them.

The "New Work 40's" are, in comparison with the Venture, much like the P-boats at home in comparison with the Haswell, so that Venture is, proportionately, a much faster boat than the commodore's earlier schooner. This applies, of course, only in good breezes. She has really such a small sail plan that in a softening breeze she had difficulty in getting away from the P-boat Armeek—our own old Ahmeek—built for the Great Lakes Championship in 1914, and sold before she could race because her crew went to the war. Ahmeek is owned in Larchmont by Mr. Joseph V. Santry now, and won in her class easily.

Venture's sailplan is really small, not much bigger than the Haswell's, but you would not think so to look at her mainmast, 85 feet from truck to heel and 74 feet above the deck! She has a leg-of-mutton mainsail, gaff foresail, single jib, no bowsprit and no fore topmast.

Mr. Jarvis is delighted with his new schooner, and very properly so. She is the "latest whisper" in fast cruisers, fit to go anywhere and fast enough to race in good company at all times.

She is 12 feet longer than the Haswell, and has more accommodation. There is a very handsome double stateroom with two berths and toilet, abaft the companion, or entrance to below decks. A single stateroom on one side of this entrance has another toilet room and

storage lockers opposite, and there is another stateroom forward of the main saloon.

Four can sleep in the latter apartment. Its size and the resources of the whole ship may be gauged from the fact that Monday evening Mr. Jarvis gave a dinner party to ten persons. His guests included the famous Nathaniel Greene Herreshoff—"Nat" Herreshoff, of Bristol, known the world over as the designer of all the America Cup defenders since *Vigilant*, in 1893.

The greatest genius in naval architecture and engineering the world has yet seen is not, as is sometimes supposed, a blind man, but he has a blind brother. Another blind brother, who was also a designer, but of less eminence, died some years ago.

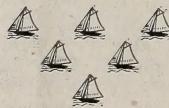
Mr. Herreshoff is 75 years of age, but as alert and active as a man of thirty. He rowed his party across the harbor to the *Venture* from his power boat *Helianthus*, in her ten-

ner, and rowed them back again. He had brought the *Helianthus* down from Bristol, R.I., 130 miles away. He has navigated her to Florida and back and hopes to bring her to Lake Ontario. When he does a warm welcome awaits him. Mrs. Herreshoff accompanies him on all his voyages.

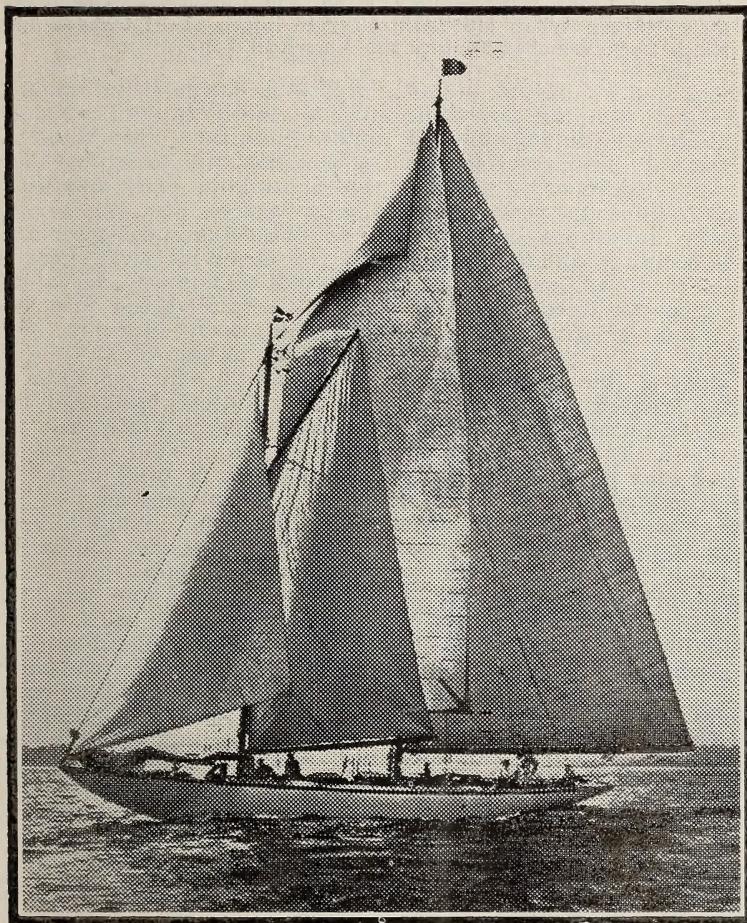
The good blue ensign at the taffrail was broken out smartly when the *Venture* anchored in Larchmont harbor last Sunday and naturally attracted much attention. The novel rig of the schooner also rendered her conspicuous and heads popped up from companion-slide and fore-scuttle of every yacht in the fleet as she came in.

Those nearest soon spotted the name on the lifebuoys on the taffrail gallows frame—"VENTURE, R.C.Y.C."

"R.C.Y.C." we overheard one nasal voice drawling. "What next?" Those Micks are getting into everything! Just imagine them having a yacht club of their own!"



"VENTURE"—WITH HER WAR PAINT ON



Here is Mr. Aemilius Jarvis' new schooner yacht as she raced on Long Island Sound against the New York "fifties." The little triangular sail above all is the "Queen" staysail, so often referred to, and the big one below it is the "balloon staysail," the largest of its kind on fresh water.

MINDING THE P'S AND Q'S ON THE SOUND

Courses at Larchmont in Comparison with Toronto.—Venture Second Again in Light Wind.—Fluky Wind and Changing Tides Make Merry Mixup When 118 Yachts Try to Race—Silent Swedes and Noisy Deck Winches Feature the American Yachts.

Larchmont, N.Y., July 26.—(Staff Special.)—As seen so far, Long Island Sound has nothing to offer Lake Ontario as improvement in yacht racing conditions.

These Larchmont courses, of twelve and twenty-one miles, are not to be compared with the ten-mile triangle of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club at home for trueness of wind, depth of water or equality of conditions.

The sides of the Larchmont triangles are uneven, bell buoys and other standard aids to navigation interrupt them. The tides make sailing through the water and over the bottom two distinct performances, and the wind—this is where the Sound is at its worst—never seems to blow with any strength nor to stay in one quarter.

American yachtsmen say that yachts designed to win on Long Island Sound inevitably fail elsewhere.

Wednesday's racing was typical. Commodore Jarvis was asked to sail his new schooner Venture against the "New York fifties" again, although Venture rates even lower than a "New York forty." These "fifties," "forties" and "thirties," by the way, are one-design classes of the New York Yacht Club, and are named after their water line lengths.

They are fast boats, but frankly in opposition to the very rule under which they are measured for rating—the universal—because it avoids fixing "any" one factor, such as waterline. They emphasize the possibilities of wealth and exclusiveness. Some rich members of the New York Yacht Club get together and agree

upon a one-design class from Herreshoff's board—and the thing is done. Other clubs have not the same money and stick to P-boats and so on—which gives every man with an idea a chance.

On Wednesday, to resume, we started off for the south shore with the wind behind us and all kites flying. Before we had gone half a mile the clinkety-clink-clink of the deck-winches on the towering sloops which were our rivals told the tale of sheets being hauled flat aft for beating to windward.

Everything, by the way, is done with winches in these boats; there is no "Heave-and-buster, now! Cheerily, young fellows! Strong backs! Now, grandma! You, mamma! We three Dutchmen!" and all that cheery lingo, as the last inch is taken in on sheet or halliard.

Instead, a lot of solemn Scandinavians in blue wind up winch handles, while a few merry Americans in white golf pants and other such curious sailing togs chat in the cockpit. They go in lavishly for professionals here, the New York forties, which are smaller in dimensions than the Haswell, carrying six paid hands forward.

We beat down to the buoy we had started to run for. It was now almost a dead calm. It was the tide that got us there. It carried some past the buoy, on the wrong tack, and they had to beat back. There was a fierce mix-up at the buoy, fourteen yachts, with barely steerage way and tide-carried, trying to round it in a whisper of breeze. Classes that had started half an hour apart were bunched together. Right astern of

us J. P. Morgan's new Herreshoff Q-boat Grayling was fending off a New York forty. Virginia, of Omaha, the New York fifty, rounded with us, and we had O-boats, P-boats and New York thirties on both sides. Harpoon, another fifty, was half a mile on the way to the next mark.

We carried spinnakers on the next first mile leg, but wound this one up with another beat to windward in the only bit of breeze that blew all afternoon. Here we nosed Virginia out, but Harpoon had got the fresh breeze first and was romping home. The wind all died away again, and we were just able to finish within the time limit, getting second place. There were 118 starters in all classes, and 70 or 80 of the boats

were unable to get across the line within the various time limits.

One of the non-finishers was a new Q-boat, designed and sailed by Geo. Owen, the Aquanno. She is painted white and seems as big as a P-boat, with the ends shortened. She has a high-crowned deck which makes her look like a whaleback. Aquanno is the greatest possible contrast to that lean black sliver, Grayling, Herreshoff's latest. Grayling has something the look of the old Invader, combined with Beaver. She is low forward and narrow and sails like a witch. Both these Q's have marconi rigs. Aquanno is said to have cost \$10,000 and Grayling \$8,000, which is a modest figure indeed for a craft with the signature of Herreshoff in every line.



III.

VENTURE "CLEANS UP" THE FLEET

A Breeze at Last.—Time Allowance Gives Victory Over Immediate Opponents, but in Wholesail Smasher She Holds "Fifties" Boat for Boat and Romps Away from "Forties."—Some Description of Venture and the Yachts She Raced at Larchmont.—A Million in Mahogany, Canvas and Lead.—One Hundred and thirty-eight Starters.

Larchmont, N.Y., July 28.—(Staff Special.)—After four days of futile fooling about in cat's paws, Commodore Jarvis' new schooner, Venture, got a race in a breeze of twenty-knot strength and cleaned up everything in sight in yesterday's Larchmont Regatta. New York fifties had eight hundred feet more sail and had to give her sixteen minutes' time allowance on the twenty-one mile course. She came near beating them boat for boat, finishing within three minutes of Harpoon, the leader, and within one minute of Virginia, the runner-up. This, of course, gave her the race by the wide margin of thirteen minutes. She has finished first once, second twice and third once, so far in racing the cream of Long Island Sound. All the New York forties which rate higher than the Venture started five minutes after her and finished in twenty minutes to half an hour behind her. It was a corking good breeze with nine miles of windward work. Ahmeek, former Toronto P boat, was dismasted in a heavy puff, and Maisie, New York O boat, split her mainsail. Venture flew her biggest kites and carried all sail with ease. She sailed from here for Marblehead Saturday.



Larchmont, N.Y., July 27.—(Staff Special).—So much has been said about "New York forties," and "New York fifties" that some description of both may be of interest.

The "fifties" are the boats against which Commodore Jarvis' schooner Venture has been raced at Larchmont, because she is of the same size of hull, but she draws a foot

less water and has 800 square feet less sail. Therefore, they give her time. The "fifties" are the handsomest things imaginable, under full sail. They have the high narrow rig of the cup-defender Resolute. Indeed they are almost exactly from Resolute's model, but they have no bowsprit. They carry a staysail to the stem head, a jibtopsail above it, a gaff mainsail and tall clubtopsails. Their balloon jibs are enormous triangles of silk and cotton, cut high in the clew. The "fifties" use straight pole masts—not marconis.

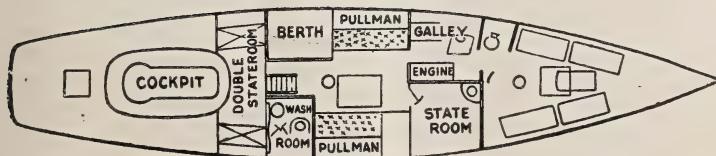
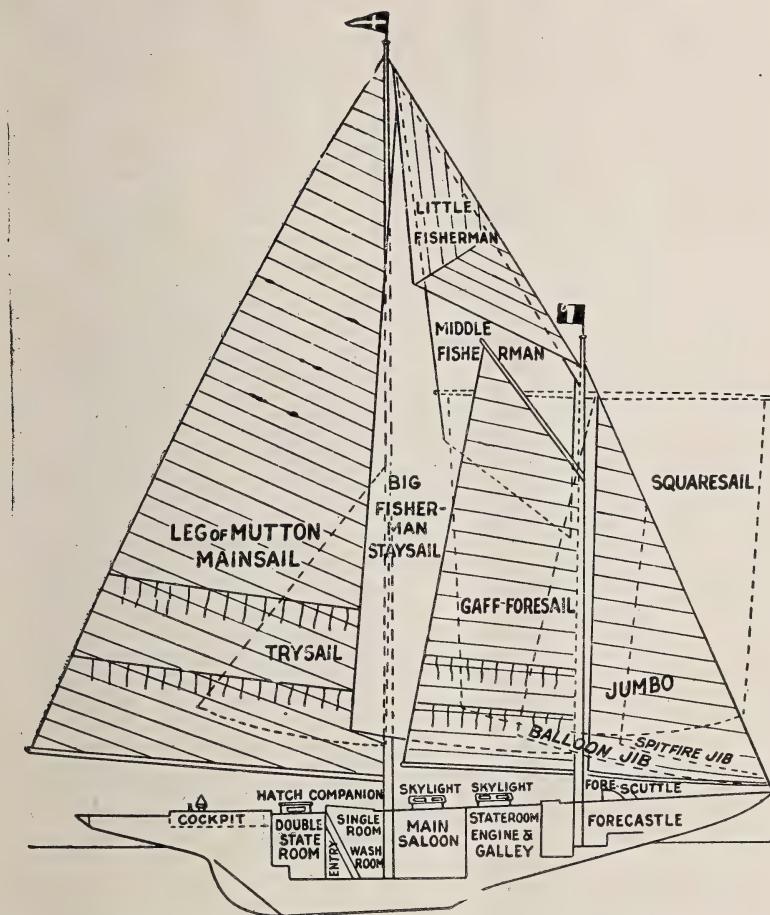
The "forties" are, in all, nearer Venture's size. They are ten feet shorter than she is on the waterline, and twelve feet shorter on deck, but they draw as much or more water and carry more sail than Venture does, and so rate higher and would have to give her time.

The "forties" have the most picturesque rig the Sound has produced. They are rather high-sided, short-counter boats, with long straight snouts like porpoises, and the snouts are prolonged by bowsprits. They have only one jib, a huge triangle with a boom all along the foot of it, from the bowsprit end to the mast. Above this they set a jibtopsail.

The mast is plumb and in one piece. On it they carry a gaff-mainsail and a very tall jackyard topsail, rising ten or fifteen feet above the topmast, but without any club on it. The high bow, the big boom-fitted jib, and the jackyard topsails make them look like old-time sloops in antique prints, such as the Maria or even earlier craft. But they sail very well.

Most of them are white, with green underbodies, cut off by a narrow red ribbon, and a gilt stripe next the covering board. Banshee, owned by

SAILPLAN AND LAYOUT OF THE VENTURE



Roger Maxwell, is slate grey, with these trimmings. Mistral is black-sided and looks very smart, with a gilt stripe and a white line separating the black from the green underbody.

Winds are their favorite names—Pampero, Typhoon, Mistral, etc., but there is the rollicking Rowdy, too, and the gentle Iris.

At the time of writing, Venture has finished first once, second twice and third once, racing against the fifties. She can always beat off the forties, if there is wind enough to finish, and usually needs no time allowance to do it in.

Toronto people will open their eyes when the Venture sails in. It is not that she is such a world-beater, but she is a new departure in rig. She is as much of a novelty as Commodore Gooderham's marconi-rigged ketch was when she first made her appearance. Her foremast, on which she carries a gaff-foresail, is a very modest little spar, about 40 feet high, and in proportion it is not more impressive than a ketch's mizzen; while the mainmast, on which she sets a triangular or leg-of-mutton mainsail, is a tall pole 74 feet above the deck. In fact, the rig of the "Venture" suggests the "Oriole IV.'s" rig turned inside out. Oriole's shorter mast is aft and Venture's forward; but Venture's spars are plumb and straight, not raked or slanted and curved like Oriole's.

What will make beholders gasp hardest will be the Venture's array of "fishermen," or maintopmast staysails. She has three, but they are not all set at once. The smallest one is shaped like a jib, and is called the queen, from the fact that it was popularized here (but not invented) by the schooner yacht Queen. We had staysails like it on the lakes fifty years before the Queen was hatched.

The second staysail is for convenience sake called the fisherman. It is four sided and shaped somewhat like the staysails the fishing schooners use, but the clew is cut so as not to come near the mainsail.

Then there is the great big staysail called the balloon, measuring seventy feet on the leach, with as

much cloth in it as a P-boat's mainsail. It comes down almost as near to the deck as the mainboom.

The other light sails are a reaching jib and a spinnaker, of quite modest proportions, for racing purposes, and a squaresail for running with the wind free at sea, where the rough water spills the wind out of a spinnaker and cockbills the spinnaker boom. The squaresail yard is 32 feet long, and shackles on to the forestay to hoist up, the sail being trimmed by braces at the yardarms and tack and sheet at the lower corners. The total sail area is, however, quite moderate, only 2,369 square feet. The rig was designed by Commodore Jarvis himself, indeed he sketched it out on the back of the envelope which brought him the cheque for the Haswell the very day it arrived. The final blueprints showed hardly any variation.

The Venture steers with a wheel. Her cockpit is smaller than the Haswell's, but eight persons can easily sit in it, and it leaves more room for working on deck. An excellent feature is a mahogany rail, on bronze stanchions, knee high above the low mahogany-capped bulwarks, from the main rigging aft. It offers excellent protection in a rolling sea, but presents very little surface to the wind and is so inconspicuous as to be almost unnoticeable. At sea a spray-cloth or dodger laced along it keeps the whole quarter-deck dry when the froth is flying. The whole thing unships and stows away when the Venture is racing.

Two varnished boats are carried on davits, the standards of the davits sitting in sockets on the outside of the planking of the ship. These, too, sockets and all, are removed when the Venture races.

One hundred and thirty-eight starters is the highest number yet recorded in one day in this Larchmont week. Pity the poor timers! Divide the classes as they will, they are bound to get mixed finishes. Twelve yachts crossed the finish line in one minute the other day; and that is not unusual. Arranging them at \$5,000 apiece, the yachts participating in the Larchmont

races represent an investment of is low, for \$5,000 would not build \$690,000 in mahogany, lead, cordage, even a 6-metre boat. The aggregate canvas and designing. That figure is nearer \$1,000,000.

OFF FOR THE OPEN SEA

Public Versus Private Ownership in Canals.—Scraggy Neck or Wenaumet Point.—Grey Days and Easterly Weather from Larchmont to Marblehead.—Sun Takes a Holiday.

Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 1 (Staff Special) — This is the jumping-off place for the good ship *Venture*, of Southampton, which Commodore Jarvis is bringing home to the lakes. Next port is Halifax, 400 miles across the sea.

So far what sailing he has done in her has been try-outs of speed and gear, such as racing against the New York fifties at Larchmont, and the 350-mile passage from Bristol to Larchmont and from Larchmont here.

Mr. Jarvis is thoroughly well pleased with the new boat's performances to date. She races on even terms with anything of her inches when there is a breeze, she does not loaf in a cat's paw, she is stiff as a church, her motion is easy, and her 15 h.p. English auxiliary engine responds promptly in calms and head-winds and pushes her along at six knots.

The sun has not been out since we left Larchmont on Saturday five days ago. All down Long Island Sound it was a dreamy drizzle or a heavy downpour, with winds of varying strength, mostly ahead. We rounded Point Judith and beat up Narragansett Bay into Newport on Sunday, after a wretched rain-drenched night. Here we picked up our squaresail yard and other seagoing stores and left Monday forenoon.

After bucking a head wind and tide up Buzzards Bay we anchored in the twilight under Wenaumet Point, above Scraggy Neck—lovely name for a headland—close to the entrance to the Cape Cod canal.

This Cape Cod Canal is a fine ripe sample of private enterprise in contrast with public ownership. It is an eight-mile cut through the sandy root of Cape Cod, saving a ninety-mile journey around the hook of

that peninsula. It is roughly comparable to the six-mile Murray Canal between Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte, which saves you sailing all the way around Prince Edward county.

Boys who are getting back from the L.Y.R.A. meet at Belleville will tell you of the hardships of the publicly-owned Murray Canal, consisting of four swing bridges and the formality of signing declaration papers.

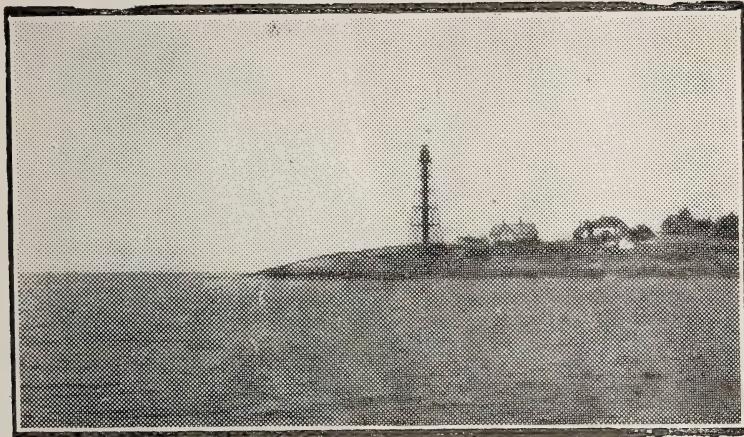
The hardships of the Cape Cod Canal consisted (in our case) of three or four bascule bridges, plus a toll bill of \$48.60 for the passage of a 72-foot boat for 8 miles; and we went through under our own power. Had we had a tug, which the tide frequently necessitates, it would have been \$30 more.

There is a good towpath all along the Murray and you can walk a sailing yacht through with ease. Banks are all faced with stone. There is no tow path along the Cape Cod Canal, and the banks are, for the most part, merely gorges through the sand. The scenery is picturesque, the vivid green of wild grape vines, scraggy pines and small bushes contrasting with the bright saw-dust yellow of the beach. The country is ridgy.

After clearing the canal we went on under sail and power across Massachusetts Bay, picking up Boston Lightship in the mist and then Marblehead Rock; and by 4.30 p.m. Tuesday we had completed a day's run of between 50 and 60 miles and anchored off the Corinthian Yacht Club, among such celebrities as George Owen's old *Dorella II.* (now yawl-rigged) and his new schooner *Hathor* (leg-of-mutton rigged and "bald headed" like ourselves), the great black clipper-bowed schooner *Constellation*, the neat little *Water Witch*, the new sheery, exaggerated

fisherman type Lismore II., and the Queen Mab, a 65-foot waterline schooner which also sports a leg-of-mutton mainsail, but has a foretop-mast and bowsprit. There were many other yachts in the harbor, big

and little, noticeably R-boats, a whole fleet of these latter, red, brown, black, green and white, being hauled out in a yard near the Boston Yacht Club station, high above the tide, like toy boats on a shelf.



“VENTURE’S” DEPARTURE—Looking seaward past Marblehead Light, and the Corinthian Yacht Club, Marblehead, Mass., Aug. 1st. The next “land” seen was the Rock of Chebucto Head, near Halifax, on Aug. 4th, 400 miles across the sea.



“VENTURE’S” CREW IN HER LONG VOYAGE



The gentleman vigorously wig-wagging a message to a passing steamer to report “Venture—all well,” is F. C. C. Mead, of Montreal. Standing next him is C. H. J. Snider. At the wheel is Col. Frank Moss. In front is Commodore Jarvis himself. On the right sits Grenville Finch-Noyes, of Oakville, “Venture’s” excellent navigating officer.

AT SEA IN THE VENTURE

Across the Ocean to Halifax.—Sun Still an Absentee.—Going It Blind Through Fog.—Good Navigating Brought the Ship Into Invisible Port—First Part of 2,000-mile Voyage Homeward Bound—Whales, Blackfish and Petrels.—Sailorman's Explanation of the Never-resting Sea Swallows.—How New Schooner Rig Worked.—Mysteries of the Leg-of-Mutton Mainsail and Squaresail, the Gallows-frame and the Bald-headed Rig.—Sea Sailing Compared with Fresh Water Work.

Halifax, Aug. 6.—(Staff Special).—Here we are in the good ship "Venture" with most of the eastern leg of our ocean voyaging behind us. Home and Toronto are still far away—sixteen hundred miles by water—but ninety miles more will let us turn the corner at the Gut of Canso and go northward and westward homeward-bound.

We waded in here through fog banks thick enough to make a winter overcoat and anchored at the Halifax Yacht Club at 5.15 p.m. The next probable port of call is Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, but we may not stop till we get to Quebec.

We stood out past the hard brown rocks of Marblehead, Mass., on Wednesday evening, dipping our blue ensign to the Eastern and Corinthian Yacht Clubs, the last of Yankee land. The sun came out for the first time since leaving Larchmont and then went to bed again in a soft pillow of cloud on the horizon. That was all we saw of him till this Saturday morning when he turned over in his sleep like a lazy man. But he positively refused to get up.

It was an eminently misty passage, not always "thick-o-fog" as our navy men are so fond of quoting, for we could get sights now and then for latitude and longitude, but always dim.

Coleridge has best said whatever can be said of our nights of sea: "The stars were dim and thick, the night,

The helmsman's face by his lamp gleamed white,

From the sails the dew did drip; While all the night through the fog smoke white

Glimmered the white moonshine."

By day the sun would try to burn through the white blanket that covered the water, and by night the stars would peep down from above as though the nighthawk at our tall masthead had torn a hole in the sky, and the waning moon dipped a greenish glow. But all around the walls of fog shut us in close.

First night out of Marblehead in the middle watch a certain brightness showed ahead.

"What's that—the Morning Star?" shouted the lookout.

"No, a vessel starboard light," answered the man at the wheel as the brightness blazed in a green glare.

A fisherman under four lowers swept by a couple of hundred yards away and vanished as though a door had been slammed on her.

After that we kept our horn going—one blast on the starboard tack, two on the port, three running free.

Rime of fog settled down on everything. At night the deck swam from the steady drip from the rigging. Eyebrows and moustaches whitened with salt and dew till the Venture looked like a Christmas ship manned by Santa Clauses. But we had a good time, if there wasn't much to see.

There are enough of us to make three watches, which is the acme of comfort at sea. You are only on deck four hours and off eight, insuring an unbroken night's rest in ordinary weather. Commodore Jarvis has the starboard watch, along with Col. Frank Moss and F. C. C. Meade, of Montreal. Grenville Finch-Noyes, of Oakville, who, like Mr. Meade, was a lieutenant in the R.N.C.V.R. and works out our navi-

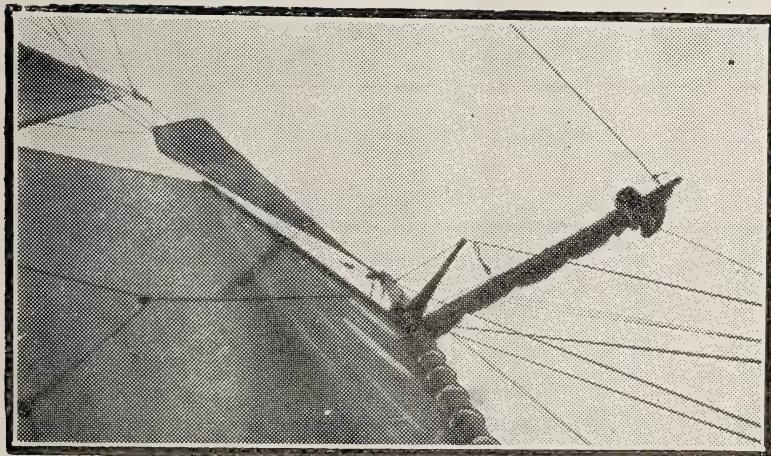
"FORWARD GUARD" OF THE GOOD SHIP "VENTURE"



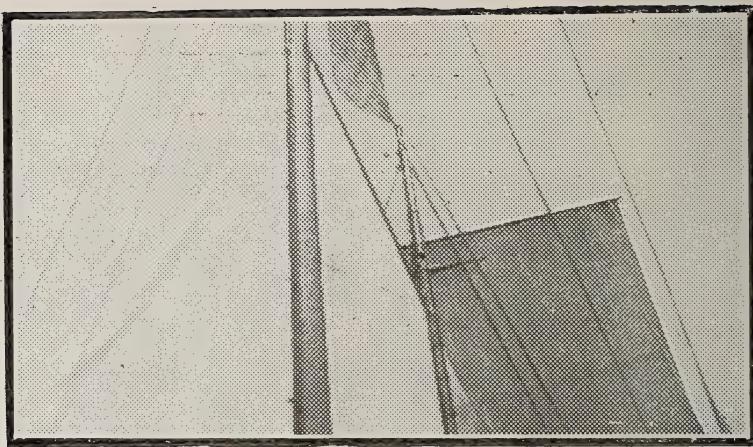
So many references have been made to the professionals of Commodore Jarvis' new schooner that their pictures should be given. The trio is the best combination that ever filled a yacht's forecastle. Culrose McLaughlin, from Grand Cayman Island, certificated mate, is the tall man in blue. Jack Simms, nimble Newfoundland, is in white. Tom Benson, Lancashire lad and A1 cook and sailorman, is the boy with the apron. All three were with Mr. Jarvis in the Haswell before he got the Venture.

HOW THE SQUARESAIL WAS SET

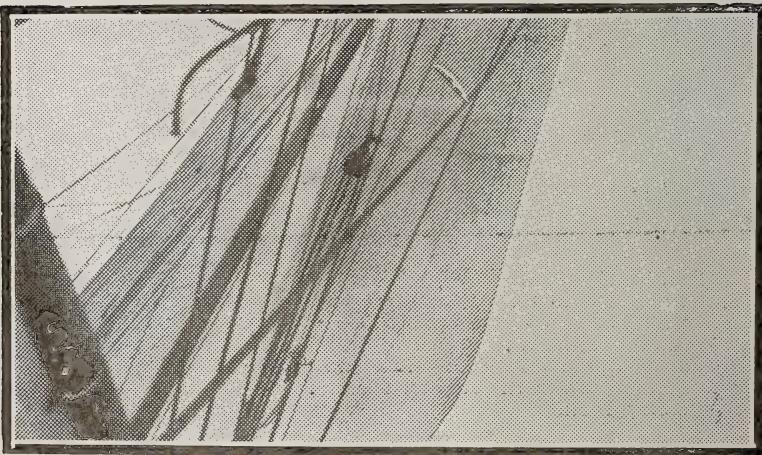
So many yachtsmen have inquired about the squaresail used by Commodore Jarvis' yacht "Venture" in her passage from Marblehead to Toronto that The Telegram herewith tries to show how that novel sail is used, from photographs taken during the voyage. Even Bay sailors may find them of interest. The limitations of a 2 1/4-inch camera prevented a picture of the whole of the sail being taken at one time, so it was done by instalments. To grasp the idea of the first picture it is better to hold it over your head, for the camera was looking aloft at the squaresail yard at the foremost head when it was taken.



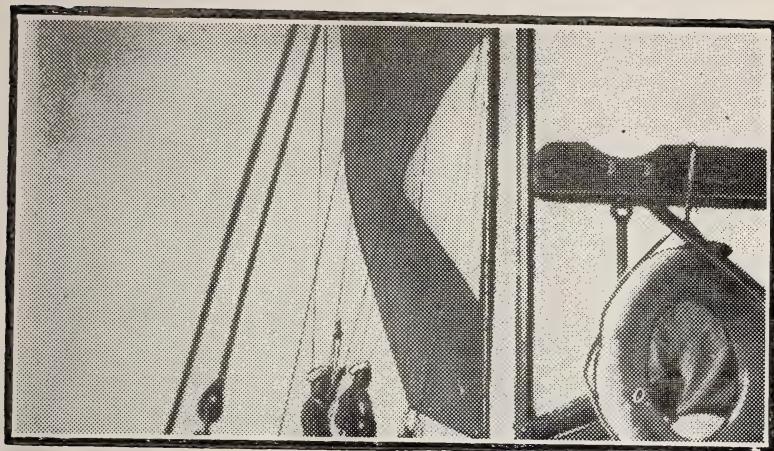
The squaresail was done up in stops and the head of it bent on the yard, and the yard hoisted up on the jib halliards, travelling on the forestay. The jib, of course, cannot draw while the squaresail is set, so it is lowered. When the yard has been mastheaded braces adjust it to the required angle and sheets haul down the lower corners of the sail. The picture shows the sail on the yard, in stops, before breaking out and sheeting home.



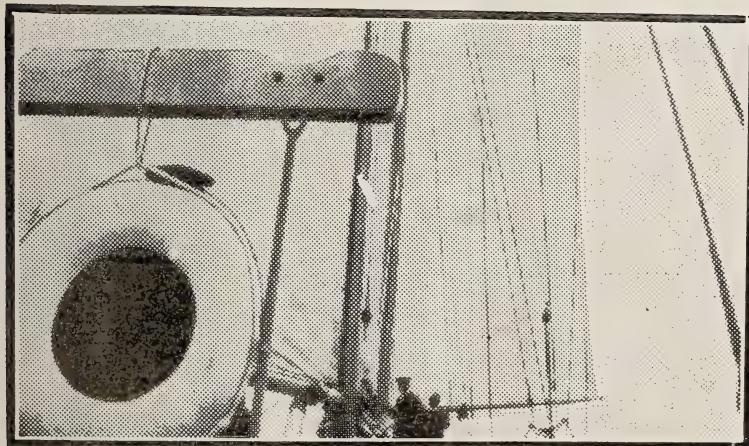
A thirty-foot yard extends the head of the squaresail, which shows dark in the picture.



The body of the sail swells out against the forestay.



The foot comes down close to the deck.



The tack or outer corner of the squaresail may be held out by the spinnaker boom.

The "gallows frame," on which the mainsail rests when stowed, and one of the life rings always carried on the gallows frame, for emergency heaving, show prominently in the foreground. They have nothing to do with the squaresail itself.

gation, has the port watch with one of the professionals, Jack Simms, a good Newfoundland. The third, or midship watch, includes "Mack" or Culrose McLaughlin, the Cayman Island acquisition of the Haswell and the writer. This still leaves our smart young cook Tom Benson as a spare hand and when occasion demands, we split the midship section and go watch—and-watch, four hours on and four off.

In the middle watch (midnight till four a.m.), Thursday night, a whale was heard blowing, but it was too thick to see him. The water sparkled with phosphorescence, like cold white electric sparks, flaking off in patches of light the size of a man's hand. We were on Brown's Bank where the fishermen all go for soundings if they lose their location; but beyond two indefinite lights, we saw nothing and the first sign of Halifax we got was the rocky knobs of Chebucto Head 300 yards away in the mist. Good navigation, Mr. Noyes, to make a landfall like that.



How does sea sailing compare with Lake Ontario? There is more motion at sea. There is always a swell on. The sails slam and bang about and the ship pitches, rolls and tosses. But the "Venture's" action is very easy with four or five tons of her ballast inside and fourteen outside and so far we have had no heavy weather.

Our seagoing preparations were simple. We rigged weather cloths from the knee high quarter rails to the deck, to keep the spray off the man at the wheel. For the steerman's protection, and to steady the wheel gripes which can be knotted around the steerman's body.

We also rigged a gallows-frame or crossbeam on uprights on the counter on which the mainboom rests when reefing or furling the mainsail.

The utility of a marconi or "leg-of-mutton" mainsail as a seagoing rig is yet to be decided as far as we are concerned. It is truly a comfort to have no gaff or top hamper to flail about aloft in a rolling sea such as we had Friday night. At the same time the only way to reduce

after sail, with this particular bald-headed rig, is to reef or furl and it is harder to reef than to take in a topsail. We have only one row of reef grommets in our mainsail—and don't want to use these, but we carry a reef earing and tack lashing rove and have our reef tackle laid out ready.

As soon as we left Marblehead we shifted to the No. 2 or smaller jib, so we are always ready forward to balance a reefed mainsail or the storm trisail we can set when the mainsail is stowed.

Thursday morning, the wind coming fair we set our squaresail for the first time. This is a beautiful puller, round in the foot, quite tall, and with a lot of cloth in it—about 1,000 square feet, almost as much as our foresail and jib combined. It has a reef band too, and reef points, reducing its area by one-third for heavy weather.

We set the sail by lashing it to a yard with the headstops which hold it rolled up when not in use. Then the jib is run down and the yard shackled to the forestay and the jib halliard is bent onto the yard. Next we hoist the whole thing to the foremast head the sail being bundled to the yard with stopping cotton. Braces from either yard-arm steady the yard as it goes up. When the halliard is belayed we pull on the two sheets, the ropes which control the clews or lower corner of the sail, and presto, she drops like a theatre curtain and bellies forward like a balloon. Then the spinnaker boom is guyed forward and a fly used to thrust out the tack or weather clew, the heel of the boom going against the mast, and we are all set.

Taking the sail in we unship the spinnaker boom and all hands but one roll the sail up from the foot upwards to the tune of "Roll the Old Chariot Along." The odd man is busy on the halliards lowering. As the yard comes down it is swung fore and aft and unshackled from the forestay, and when the sail is rolled up tight to the yard the head stops are cast off and tied around the roll. The squaresail is then passed back to its bunk in the lazarette.

By day all the ocean has to show us is yellow weed with leaves like hens' feet, and stormy petrels or Mother Carey's chickens. They hovered restlessly about, carefully skimming the wave crests and inspecting the line of the patent log which tows in our wake and tells us the distance run.

"They're the souls of drowned sailors, those chicks," our Caymanian enlightened us. "They're not good enough for Heaven and they had all the other they deserved while they were alive. The ones with the white spots on their tails used to be Swedes and Scandinavians. The ones with white heads are Nova Scotia sailors and Bluenose men."

"I thought dead sailors turned into gulls, Mack," objected our Newfoundlander.

"No, that's not it," Mack insisted. "Gulls feed whenever they get the chance and they go ashore and lay eggs and are hatched out. You'll see them in every harbor. But you'll never see these petrels in port. They

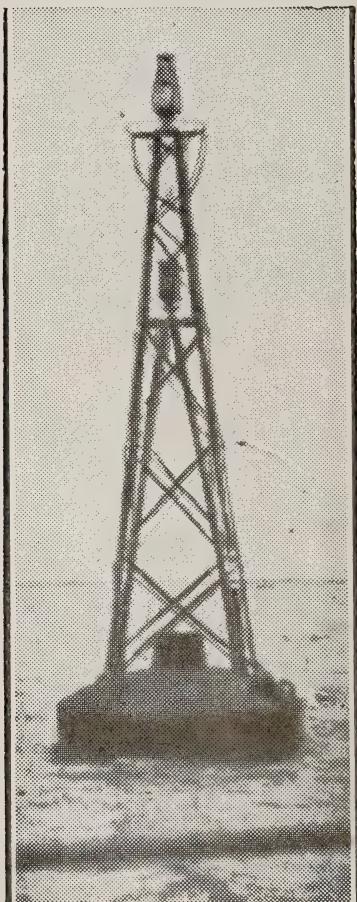
have no place to go. Some fellows say they lay their eggs in the water and pick them up and carry them under their wings. That ain't so. They're not hatched. Each one just comes up from the water when a sailor dies. And you'll never see them feed, though you watch all day. They live on the bubbles of the wake. You mustn't kill them. If you destroy the thing the dead sailor is given to hover round in, what is the poor fellow to do?"

In the grey of Friday evening when we shook up for a cast of the lead off Roseway Bank and got no bottom at 40 fathoms, three slate-colored black fish played around us. The biggest of them was as long as our mainboom, well over 30 feet. They have wide thick fins on their backs, perhaps a yard high and blunt noses flattened at the end like a pig's snout. With them tumbling about the ocean seemed no empty waste but a merry pasture field.



WESTWARD HO! IN "VENTURE"

Turning First Corner for Home.—Nova Scotia's Spruce-scented Shores
See the Last of Us.—Baked Cod for Luncheon—The Bluenose
Fisherman Is No Piker—Rough Welcome—Into the Gulf of St.
Lawrence After a Loitering Sail to the Gut of Canso.



"FURTHEST EAST" — Cranberry Island buoy, near Canso, after passing which "Venture" hauled up finally north and west for home, Aug. 7th.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 8—
(Staff Special) — After easterly courses all the way from Marblehead, on Tuesday, Aug. 7, at 1.25 p.m., Commodore Jarvis' new schooner "Venture" swept around Cranberry Island shoal buoy and hauled up north by west, putting the first fathom of homeward-bound westing under her keel.

Cranberry Island, with its barber-pole striped lighthouse, marked the extreme of her voyaging eastward. Once it and its shoals—Roaring Bull, Frying Pan, Carousse Bank, Washball, and so on—were put astern, her course became north and west until Toronto piers would be sighted.

Like one of the Jarvis' horses sniffing the oats in the manger at Hazelburn, "Venture" stepped off at an eight knot clip, stretching across Chedabucto Bay with the wind abeam heading for the Gut of Canso.

The Gut took her in between the peninsula of Nova Scotia and the island of Cape Breton, out of the open Atlantic and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

It is hard to realize, until you get there, how big the Gulf of St. Lawrence is; 200 miles one way, 400 miles the other, eight or ten times the area of Lake Ontario.

The "Venture" had still 130 miles more easting to do when she left Halifax, making roughly 500 miles from Marblehead. This took time. After stocking up with coal, water, provisions and motor fuel we left Halifax Sunday morning in showery weather but although the afternoon cleared we had no wind. Not choosing to use up our gasoline it was on towards evening ere we got past Shut-in Island, where a mournful black and white bell buoy clanged a ceaseless dirge over the red-rusted wreck of a large steamer, which had broken her back on the reef.

We were now only 10 miles from Neverfail shoal, our point of departure, and it took till four o'clock Monday morning to reach Egg Island buoy, 30 miles on our way.

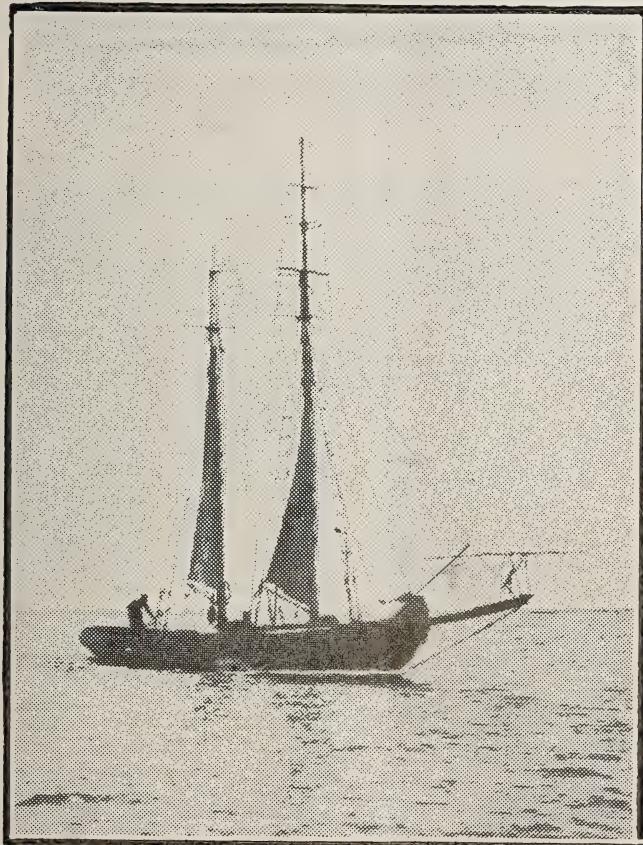
It was a perfect night, much appreciated after all the fog and rain. The remnant of the last-quarter moon was brilliant. Egg Island lights flashed clear in red and white and in the mild still air the sweet scent of Nova Scotia spruce floated twenty miles to seaward.

Although our progress was slow it was easily noted, for phosphorescent sparks floated past as though each bubble were a lighted electric bulb.

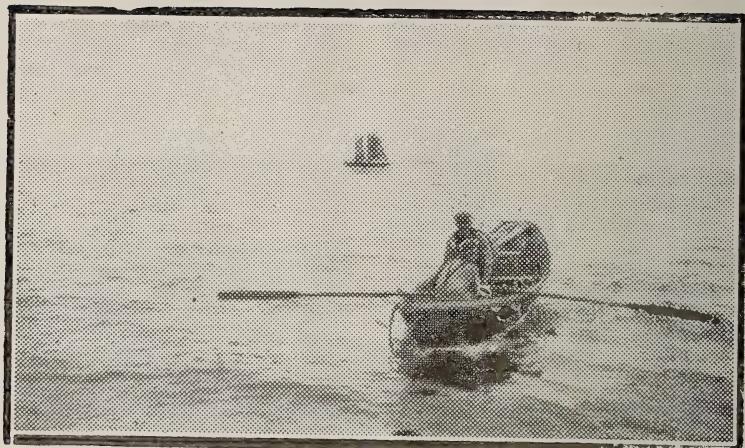
The ocean was very smooth, but not flat. An endless southwest swell made our empty sails bang and slam like beaten drums. Morning brought blazing sunlight, a glorious blue ocean, and a sweet breeze from the west.

So with squaresail set and a week's wet stuff a-drying on deck we toddled down Nova Scotia's south shore all day, passing occasional coasters and fishermen and one tall rum-runner lying at anchor under riding sail nine miles off shore. We did not stop.

Tuesday morning, off White Head, we spoke the green-hulled "Margaret and Kathleen" of Canso. The



The "Margaret and Kathleen," a sword fisherman off Canso, Aug. 7th.



And the dory in which "Margaret and Kathleen's" skipper pulled to us with all the fresh fish we chose to take.

ratlins at her fore masthead and iron-framed pulpit on her bowsprit end proclaimed her a sword fisherman, but the harpoon across the pulpit-rail, like a spritsail yard in an old galleon, was at the moment trailing four lines of baited cod trawls.

"Can you let us have any fish?" hailed the commodore in passing. "Sure!" answered a red moustached man. "We got seven or eight quintals this morning."

A quintal (pronounced cantle) is 112 lbs.

Mr. Jarvis shot the "Venture" up and the red-moustached man, with a boy, rowed to us in a rolling dory. It was a hard pull of two or three hundred yards. In the dory half-a-dozen fresh-caught cod were still flopping.

"How much for one?" asked Mr. Jarvis.

"Oh," said Red Moustaches, "I wouldn't think of taking money for a fish or two."

"Well, here's a dollar for the row," said the Commodore.

Forthwith Red Moustaches hove the two biggest cod he had on to the immaculate deck, to the great horror of "Mack" who had just holy-stoned it and was busy on his brass work.

Which was how it came that stuffed baked codfish for luncheon celebrated

the commencement of our westing that day.

The west wind welcomed the westward-faring "Venture" boisterously. It is fifteen miles through the Gut of Canso, and we boiled through in an hour and a half. The cpruce-clad hills of Nova Scotia flying by on the left side, and the rocky slopes of Cape Breton to the right.

The strait is quite narrow, frequently less than a mile, with a four-knot tide. We luckily had it with us. Just as we emerged at the north end, the tide turned.

A big Italian oil tanker, the "San Giuseppe," hard and fast aground at Eddy Point, was a warning of what happened if you got a hundred yards out of the channel.

Once clear of the Gut, the west wind whipped it up, and "Venture" boiled across the twenty-mile mouth of George Bay, towards the Straits of Northumberland, in two hours and ten minutes. It was dark by this time, and after the flashing lighthouse on George Head had been passed, we luffed up and reefed the mainsail.

It was now that our sea-going preparations made good. The weather cloths shed much of the flying spray, and lifelines rigged from stem-head to quarter kept the crew from going overboard. "Venture" splattered con-

siderable water over her bow and counter, and the phosphorescence made the snowstorm of spray to leeward look like a boiling sulphur cloud.

But she rode like a duck, the marconi mainsail came down without jamming. The gallows frame kept the boom from slashing about, and there was no gaff to worry over.

We tied in the reef in short order and thrashed on. But "Venture" goes so fast when driven that she deluges herself with spray. Soon even the reefed mainsail had to be taken in.

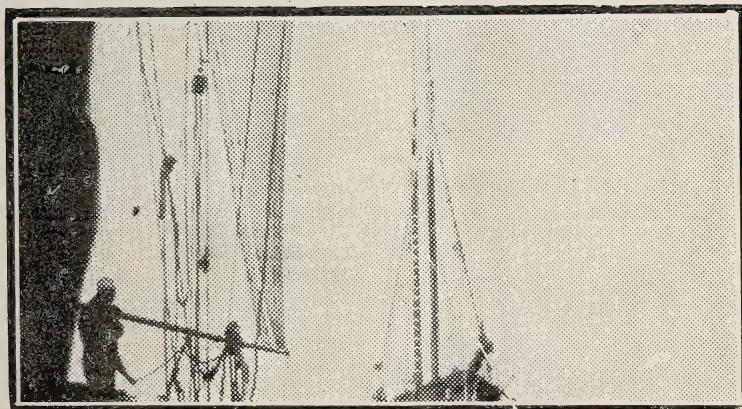
We went for a while under jib and foresail, with the lights up Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island winking on either side; but as few of us had been through Northumberland Straits, which separate the two provinces, and none of us knew the tortuous road into Charlottetown,

we finally hove to under foresail only, and waited for day.

In the morning we beat up past the tall lighthouse on Prim Point, and bore away down a zig-zagging channel. The morning sunlight made rainbows out of the whirlwind of spray at our bows, and illuminated the bright green field of millet that alternated with the apple trees and evergreens and potato patches on the coral-pink or strawberry-red banks of the island.

No shores, save those of Ireland, are so green; no cliffs, save those of Devon, are so rosy red as the banks and herolands of Prince Edward, and no farms, save Ontario's, look so prosperous.

At ten o'clock we anchored off the wharves of the capital, Charlottetown, a wide-streeted, cheerful little place that seemed to combine Manitoba and Nova Scotia.



Coming up on an anchored rum-runner on the coast of Nova Scotia, Aug. 6th. N.B.—The Venture did not stop.

“VENTURE” IN HEAVY WEATHER

Reefed Down, Ripping Along.—Under Foresail, Storm Jib, Trysail Goes “As Easy as an Old Shoe” in 40-mile Gale and in Weather That Swamped a Tow-Barge and Stripped a Coal Carrier.—Summary of Ship’s Performances Under Stormsail.—Gaining the Great Gulf.—St. Lawrence a Sight to See, but You Need Ear Muffs as Much as Binoculars.—Meeting of Soft and Salt—How to Cook a Loon—and Other Entertainments of the Middle Watch, Told in the Cold.

“Ho! Ho! for Gaspe cliff
 “When the wind is blowing stiff,
 “H! Ho! for Anticosti,
 “Where the bones of dead men
 lie.
 “De sailor comitiere!
 “God help de beeg ship dere
 “If she come too near de h’islan
 “Wit’ de breaker running high!”
 Murray Bay, Que., Aug. 14.—(Staff Special.)—We’ve been there, and now we’re here. In order to understand the Venture’s voyage under the red-yellow-and-black colors of Commodore Jarvis, it may be roughly divided thus, distances given being approximations of chart measurements. Actual courses sailed to accomplish them were sometimes longer.

Bristol, R.I., to Larchmont—130 miles.

Larchmont to Marblehead—260 miles.

Marblehead to Halifax—400 miles.

Halifax to Charlottetown—245 miles.

Charlottetown to Murray Bay—540 miles.

Murray Bay to Quebec—60 miles.

Quebec to Toronto—500 miles.

Total—2,135 miles.

The “Venture” left Charlottetown at 7 o’clock Friday morning, Aug. 10, and by Saturday afternoon, thanks to the push of the wind which finally came southeast, she had crossed much of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and raised the high cliffs of Cape Despair, Cape Gaspe and Cape Rosier.

Here is a bit of bilingualism comes into play. The French name of Cape Despair is Cap d’Espoir, that is, Cape of Hope.

A whale passed by, half a mile to

windward, plying south like a steam-boat, in a series of double rises and disappearances. Apparently he did not relish the warm current out of the Bay of Chaleur. We did. The Gulf was bitterly cold. Chaleur means warmth.

As we crossed the Orphan Bank eight rough little New Brunswick fishermen stood across our course, wing-and-wing for home before the breeze.

A three-masted schooner, her decks piled high with lumber, came out around the Gaspe cliffs, bound south. Anticosti was just under the horizon ahead. The mouth of the St. Lawrence though still far away, was at last within striking distance.

Noble St. Lawrence, father of waters, was a sight to be remembered, as seen in the middle watch Sunday morning between Gaspe and Anticosti. Here a polar current mingles the bitter waters of the arid sea with the sweet tribute the mighty river draws from the great lakes.

The waves were like ebony, with phosphorescent crests painted vividly in Chinese white. Astern of us our wake streamed off like boiling milk. Full fifty fathoms back the long knife-edge track of our log-line cut the wave like an oxy-acetylene torch.

To the northwest the aurora borealis played a green and blue searchlight drama behind the remnants of rain clouds. It had seemed in the earlier watches. Now the stars began peeping through. The Dipper blazed in all its magnificence, Orion brandished his club after the tender Pleiades as they mounted the eastern stair of heaven, the light-

houses on Gaspe, Flat Point and Cape Rosier, flashed encouragement to the red and white and green lights of steamers coming around the corner.

Then, as you looked, a giant sponge wiped the picture from the slate. Rain fell, fog radiated in red and green spokes from our sailing lights, and the wail of our foghorn answered the bellowing of invisible steamers. In ten minutes the stars would peep through; and in ten minutes again all the lights would be extinguished.

It all explained very clearly the circumstances in which the Empress of Ireland was sunk in 1914 after the two vessels had sighted each other's lights. Eternal vigilance is the only antidote for the eternal mists and eternal currents of the St. Lawrence.

The "Venture" had a grand run Sunday, after the day had cleared up. With the invaluable squaresail on her its weather corner pushed out with the spinnaker boom, she tramped off 30 miles to a watch, and between 3 and 4 p.m. we logged ten knots in the hour. This took her galloping past Cape Magdalen, the most northerly point in the voyage. She ran almost as fast as the westward bound steamers.

Wig-wagging with yacht bargees, we asked the "Fort Hamilton" and the "Corinaldo" to report us with their wireless. They passed outward bound. But, alas, the wind let go above Magdalen and we rolled for hours, barely holding our own against the current.

It was always cold in the gulf and river. Even when the sun was shining we wore all the clothes we had—starting with seaboots and double socks and ending with overcoats—and wished we had more.

We all hate the middle watch, from midnight till 4 a.m. It comes just in time to spoil your beauty sleep, and you can't make up what you have lost before breakfast—nor afterwards. It seems the longest watch of the night, and anything helps to shorten it.

One morning a saltwater loon flew by. "Loons," Col. Frank contributed, "are excellent eating if properly cooked. A friend once gave me the recipe. First, you stew the loon over a slow fire for twenty-four hours, then you boil it briskly for another twenty-four hours, then you quicken the fire and add a brick to the pot in which the loon is boiling. When the brick has boiled until you can stick a fork in it easily, your loon is ready to take out and carve."



Frank Meade asking the "Fort Hamilton" to report "Venture all well" off Cape Magdalen, Gulf of St. Lawrence, August 12th.

"Ding-ding! Ding-ding! Ding-ding!
Ding-ding!" went eight bells, and
Oulrose McLaughlin, who is a deep-
water man, chanted the following lit-
any down the forecastle:

"Heigh, down the fore-peak,
Eight bells, eight bells,
Arise and shine
In the black ball line!
Don't turn and twist,
Get up out of this,
You've got yours,
Now I'll get mine.
What the captain says you've got
to do
What the mate says you'd better
do, too,
You lusty, rusty fellows
Arise and shine
In the black ball line!"
So the relief was called, and the
middle watch ended.



Murray Bay, Que., Aug. 14.—(Saff
special.)—Cape Magdalen, on the
south side of the Gulf of St. Law-
rence, marked the "furthest north"
of the "Venture's" voyaging. From
thenceforth all courses led west and
south. The St. Lawrence here is
wider than Lake Ontario at the
widest; and a strong polar current,
sweeping in from the Straits of
Bel e Isle and Newfoundland, and
bouncing off the bold south shore,

gives a constant flow eastward. It
is only past Cape Chat, 60 miles fur-
ther from the sea, that the St. Law-
rence has tides that rise and fall.

Past Cape Magdalen the "Ven-
ture" got what might be called the
"real sailing" of the trip, the kind
the chairwarmers are apt to wax
eloquent over.

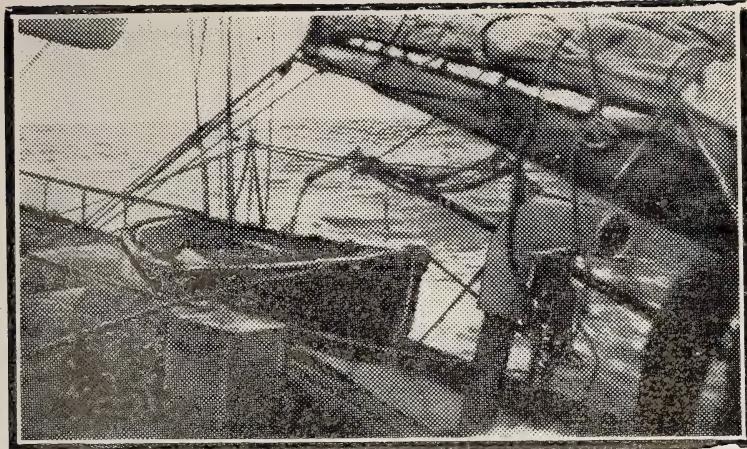
After a greasy cam and whiffs
from all over, the wind bit in from
the southeast at midnight, Sunday,
August 12. The glass was low. It
had sunk rapidly. At the end of
the middle watch —4 o'clock in the
morning—all hands were called. We
furled the mainsail. It came down
easily. There is great comfort
through the leg-of-mutton rig in hav-
ing no gaff to flail around and take
charge, a low and aloft.

Then we set the storm trysail, a
little three-cornered sail, lacing to
the mainmast, and only going half
way up. For windward work the
foot of the trysail is hauled out onto
the mainboom, which is crotched in
the leeward saddle of the gallows-
frame. This time, however, we were
not going to windward, but running
free, so the trysail was sheeted,
loose-foot, to a cleat on the deck,
and the mainboom rested in the mid-
ship crotch of the gallows.

Forward we had still our foresail
and the storm-jib set. By a wise



With mainsail furled and storm trysail set, Father Point, Aug. 13.



Trysail and reefed foresail off Bic Island, Aug. 13th.

precaution the storm-jib was always on her, in place of the regular working sail. It reduced our speed but little in light winds, and saved many a drenching for the crew when it blew so hard that the working sail would have had to be shifted.

So canvassed we went, in Mr. Jarvis' words, "easy as an old shoe"—the skipper at the wheel, the two men of his watch on lookout, and the rest of us snug in our bunks below, listening, until dreamland claimed us, to the patter of rain and wash of sea two inches outside of "Venture's" mahogany skin.

Daylight came, to reveal light grey rolling clouds, torn by a 40-mile gale, and dark grey rolling seas, white topped and snarling. To say that the seas ran "mountains high" would be impossible nonsense. We had the green and grey and brown cliffs of the Notre Dame range to the southward, to show us what real mountains looked like.

But the seas were big, as big as we get in Lake Ontario in a 40-mile blow. Sometimes the "Venture" spray on the decks, and the roaring went into them like a steam shovel, bringing the frothing suds over the forward hatch; and sometimes she picked up a crest on lee or weather quarter as she rolled. One of these spilled into the cockpit. But mostly she went dry and steered like an

automobile. Helmsmen would work a whole trick through—two hours—without changing grip on the one pair of spokes. Now and then, when an old greyback would under-run her and blot out the horizon ahead and astern, she would yaw a bit. The foresail jibed twice, and the loose-footed try-sail jibed often. But she went very sweetly.

At noon the fog-horn at Ste. Felicie roared at our passing, and we were soon abreast of Matane. A C.G.M.M. steamer overtook us, and was a long time getting past. Another steamer ploughed by in the opposite direction, awash up to her midship "island" or superstructure. We passed one schooner hove to under bare poles, in the trough of the sea, and overtook another, stripped to a close-reefed foresail.

After luncheon—which was served as usual—the watch on deck lowered our foresail and reefed it. The reduced sail made little difference to "Venture's" speed. Under the pocket handkerchiefs left her she was tearing off eight knots, or better than 30 miles to a watch. By four o'clock Monday afternoon she had logged 124 miles since midnight—an average speed of just under eight miles an hour for the 16 hours.

Then the barometer began to rise, and the sea subsided. Out came the reef, and up the foresail rose, strong

hands mast heading it again, throat and peak.

The sun gave us a wink through the water curtains that veiled the Laurentians to the northwest. Two complete semi-circles of orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, red arched the sky to the southeast. The hidden shores came out in stripes of brown and purple. Father Point and Bic Island could be recognized. We were out of the gulf and into the river. The gale was over. By midnight we had the mainsail on her, and Tuesday found us stemming the tide among white porpoises above the Brandy Pot, with a gentle southwester to keep us passing through the water, even if we made little progress over the bottom. Our engine was indisposed.

That breeze of the week before, on Tuesday night, August 7th, when we got our first taste of the Straits of Northumberland, was also one to be remembered. While we finally hove to under foresail only in it, this was because of uncertainty as to position, not from weight of wind. Still, it was a hard blow, almost as hard as the one in which the Freeman Cup was sailed for first, in 1921.

The sun set sullenly that night, with nothing but a copper flush to indicate his going. Slaty clouds to the westward had their under sides crinkled and pckered like petrified bubbles—a sure sign of wind. The "Venture" could have carried whole sail through all that came this time, and would have done so in a race—but she threw so much water going to windward, that everything was drenched. Bursts of spray blew to leeward in masses twenty feet high, glowing like exhibition fireworks with sulphuric light from the phosphorescent sparks. These greenish milky-hued outbursts vied with the lightning that played overhead and to leeward. If there was any thunder we could not hear for the drumming of the loose leach of the main-sail, and the harping of the wind in the rigging. We had taken the battens out of the sail to make it more easy to handle in a blow; and were glad of it, when we went to furl in.

Every now and then "Venture" would ram a sea and the water would swirl across her forward deck a foot deep, and race for the choking

lee scuppers. But the life lines we had rigged along both sides held, and the weather cloths broke the volleys of spray hurled at the commodore, as he steered in the cockpit. Some of the higher seas broke aft of the weather cloths and washed the counter.

Northumberland Straits lie between Prince Edward on one side and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on the other. Off Port Borden and Cape Tourmentine—which was further up than we got that night—you can see three provinces of Canada at once. The Straits acted very much like Lake Erie in a breeze, throwing up a short sharp sea, further complicated, in their case, by a tide current running three miles an hour across the wind.

After we had weathered Point Prim next morning, we sighted a tow that looked strangely familiar. There was nothing noteworthy about the barge, but the tug, had a rambow, like a ploughshare, with a bulging round turtle-backed fore deck.

How many Torontonians remember the revenue cutter "Petrel," pride of the Polson Iron Works and terror of the Lake Erie fish poachers? Her model, in its day, represented the latest thing in torpedo boats.

It seems like yesterday, when she lay at the foot of Yonge street, spick and span in black paint and brass work, with two nine-pounder guns, and a gilded and emblazoned coat-of-arms above the hollow of her rambow, like the figurehead on a German cruiser. Yet it was all of thirty years ago; and the dingy rambowed tug we saw with the wallowing barge was the same once-gold-striped revenue cutter, fallen, from her high estate.

Later we heard that the poor "Petrel" lost her 500 ton barge, a total wreck, off Point Prim.

Off that same point, the night we got our dusting, the schooner "Glendon" of Lunenburg, blew out her foresail and mainsail. She was loaded with coal from Sydney, and managed to make Charlottetown under her jib and jumbo, and a storm try-sail rigged from an old topsail. Thirty years ago, when the "Petrel" was in her first paint, the "Glendon" got into the papers by sailing into

some American port, flying her British flag and keeping it at the mast-head, although a mob boarded the

vessel and tried to tear it down. The captain drew his revolver and kept his colors aloft till sunset.

IN THE WAKE OF WOLFE “VENTURE” WINS QUEBEC

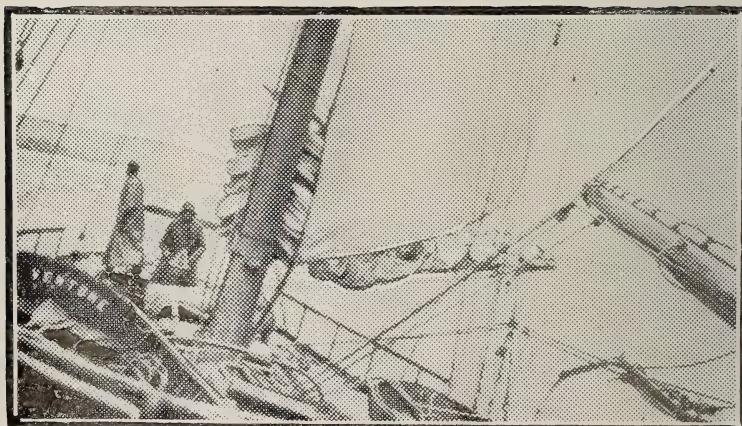
Commodore Jarvis' Yacht Tears Through the Traverses at Twelve Knots.—Where Captain Cook Piloted and Admiral Saunders' Fleet Came Up for the Conquest of Canada—The St. Lawrence Glorious When the Sun Shines.

Quebec, Aug. 16 (Staff Special).—Mr. Aemilius Jarvis' schooner yacht, *Venture*, of Southampton, anchored in the basin this morning six days from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and fifteen days from Marblehead, Mass. Sixteen hundred miles of salt water have passed under her keel since the Commodore took her out from Bristol, R.I., and 500 more of salt and fresh have to be covered before she gets home.

The last day's run before reaching Quebec was one of the most pleasurable of the voyage. When the tide turned about noon at Murray Bay, “*Venture*” hove up the thirty fathoms of anchor chain which held her there, and started off under storm trysail and a patch of the foresail. That was all the sail she wanted, for the wind was screaming in fury off the wooded heights of the Laurentians.

As the wind eased up, more sail was made, until finally she had everything on her. When the breeze grew softer a big black ketch, “*Le Seigneur de Quebec*,” with amidship section like a butter bowl and a jaunty clipper bow, crossed astern of her with a reef in her mainsail of her job stowed. The habitant skipper was right. There was more wind coming, despite the glassy calm that fell with the river's surface broken only by the eel-like dip and rise of white porpoises.

After three o'clock the wind bit in hard from the northwest and under whole sail the “*Venture*” tore through the narrow passages of the Traverses. Red and black buoys flew past her like the pickets in a fence, and her lee deck awash until the quarter wave swirled up across her counter, washing her mainsheet traveller and spilling off at the



Under storm trysail and foresail off Murray Bay, Aug. 15th.

weather corner of the stern. She was all water line, from stemhead to taffrail, and she was going like a steamboat. She ran from Lower Traverse Lightship to Stone Pillar Light in 54 minutes. The distance is ten and seven-eighths nautical miles, so she was travelling up river against its current, at a speed of slightly better than 12 knots, or fourteen statute miles per hour. She had a fair tide and the wind free.

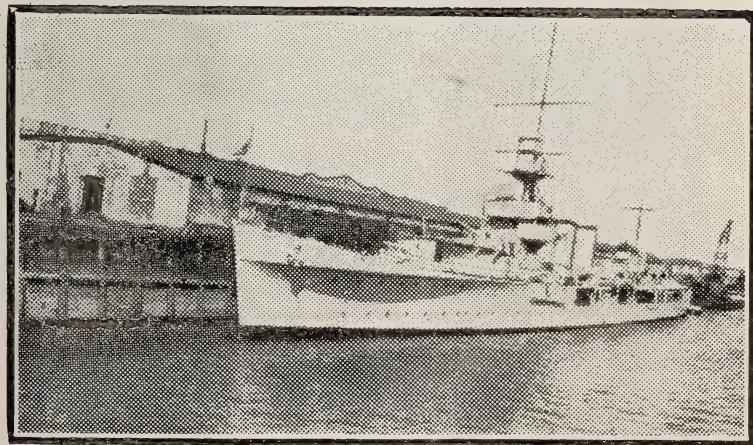
The sun was out gloriously for a welcome change. No painter nor poet could exaggerate the beauties of the sun-kissed St. Lawrence with the purple Laurentians trailing off into the most delicate interlacings and festoons of veils, azure and amethyst. On the south shore the green slopes of the Notre Dame range matched the brown and blue billows of stone on the north. Beautiful Lower Canada, on a summer day, land of long farms, gleaming church spires and clusters of homes, low, white walled, red roofed; and noble St. Lawrence, with island after island emerald green in foliage or bare and gnarled with ramparts of grey rock, hard as the knockers of hades.

There was inspiration in the reflection that up this very track along which "Venture" tore, Admiral

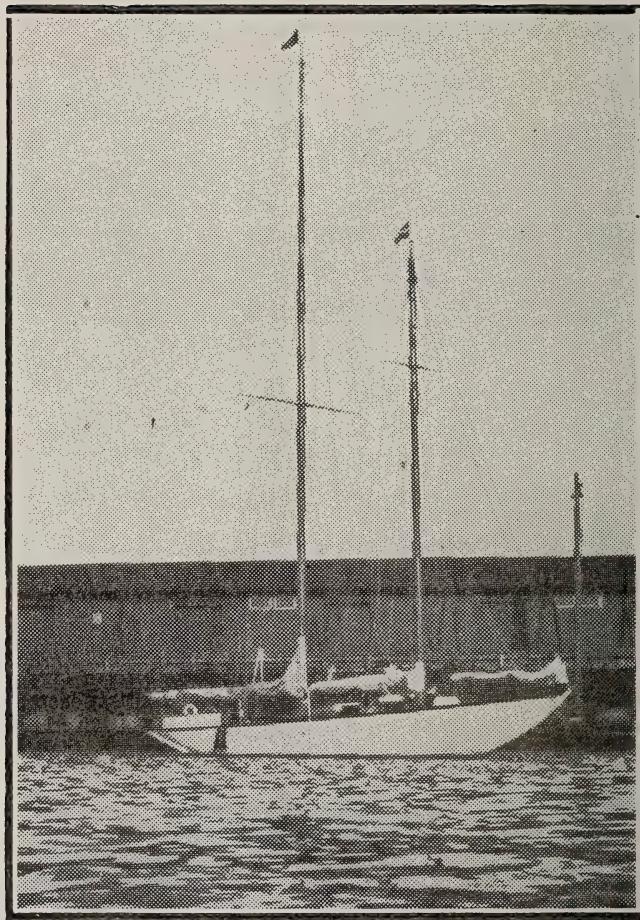
Saunders' fleet steered with Wolfe and his army aboard. For the great operation which changed the destinies of the continent—the capture of Quebec. We could well imagine the grand old square riggers boating along, the great discoverer, Captain Cook, on the quarter deck of the leading ship as navigator, leadsmen in the chains singing out "By the deep wine," or "By the mark seven," as the water shoaled and the old boatswain who alone knew the passage, conner the ship from his perch at the bowsprit cap. It was a great and daring navigation nobly performed.

In a twilight like golden wine the "Venture" came to anchor ere the tide turned Wednesday night off the village of St. Laurent, ten miles away from Quebec, on the Isle of Orleans. Soon the ebb was swirling past her sides and leaving a wake astern of her as though she were sailing with a good breeze. That is how the tides run in the St. Lawrence and the small boat from which you land at a wharf is away down fourteen feet below the string piece by the time you come back to her.

With the first of the flood in the morning "Venture" weighed anchor again and stood on for Quebec City.



H.M.S. "Capetown," light cruiser, in port with "Venture," at Quebec, Aug. 16th.



"Venture" in the basin at Quebec, Aug. 16th.

THE LADY AND THE BARGE

Coming Up the St. Lawrence in Tow a Placid Experience.—Salt Water Left Behind—"Pin Flats" and Their Square Sails—Time Means Nothing to the Bargeman—The First Day Out of Sea Boots—Beating the Currents.

TOWING UP THE ST. LAWRENCE



Near Three Rivers, August 18th, behind the "Hudson" and barges.

Montreal, Aug. 20—(Staff Special).—Greater contrast cannot be imagined than the passage of "Venture" in the lower St. Lawrence and her progress further up the river.

In the estuary she was flying under reefed foresail, storm jib andtrysail. Rocky cliffs invisible on either side of her, hills of bitter

cold water following her and bursting in cataracts and whirlpools all around.

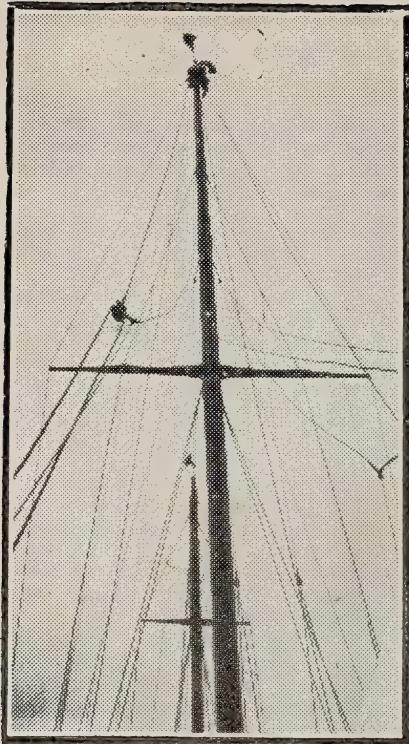
From Quebec onwards she went gently as a summer idyll. She was, for the time being, the last and thirteenth of a lusty family of tows trailing behind a quaint old paddle-wheel steamer called the "Hudson" with two barber-pole smokestacks abreast of one another like the old R. and O. boats.

The "Hudson" picked up nine canal boats and three pin-plats in the Basin in Quebec. One of the barges was skippered by a canal lady. She—both the canal boat, and the skipper—was "two months outa N'Yawk t'morra," They had come up with a load of coal by the Champlain canal, and waited all this time for a tow and a chance of a return cargo. They had been offered a load at Batiscan.

"There's no money in that. You might say we're boatin' for our health, like you," the lady confided. But the trip hadn't agreed with her husband. He was sick. That was why she commanded. And she bossed the barges with sufficient fluency to excite the respect and admiration of all the "Venture's" professionals.

She had five children with her. The oldest, a lad of fifteen, functioned as crew. His sister, a plump miss of thirteen with bobbed hair, assisted in the culinary, kindergarten, and laundry department.

On the clothesline across the stern, several pairs of rompers bloated out like balloons in the fresh morning breeze. The juvenile members of the troupe were from two to five years old. Each was harnessed with a sort of saddle of cord, and securely roped to a stanchion. They thus played about



THE COMMODORE

Went to the masthead for exercise. X marks the Commodore.

on the top of the cabin of the barge in complete security, and allowed the skipper to give her undivided attention to skippering.

An awning covered the cabin roof, and under this the canal lady sat and rocked in a rocking chair, while her brood swung by turns in the two little swings rigged from the awning ridge pole.

The group was pleasanter to contemplate than the fat Americans in white golf pants or sports skirts or knickerbockers lolling on hotel verandahs at summer resorts lower down the river; but the ceaseless rock, rock, rock, and swing, swing, swing, the gum-chewing, and the drawl, were common to both.

The "Venture" was astern of the

pin-flat "Jean Paule De," in the tow. We never learned where Jean Paul hailed from. The painter had gone on strike, or heard 'ne whistle blow, when he finished the "De" on the stern.

A pin-flat is one of a vanishing race of lower Canadian craft that should be preserved in a marine museum. They are probably an inheritance from Norway and Breton settlers whom Champlain brought out. The only thing like them are the north country "kneels," in England—"weel may the keel row"—which are descendants of the Viking long-ships.

These pin-plats are box-like at the ends, but not square-sided. Their decks are much wider than their bottoms; in fact, their sections above water suggest Mr. W. G. Reilly's new R-boat, "Riowna." They are, of course, much bigger, running 100 feet in length.

They curl up at bow and stern like a piece of watermelon with the ends snipped off. The pin-plat has one gigantic mast, eighteen inches or so in diameter, and on this she sets a little three-cornered jib and one, two or three square sails on yards, all of which lower to the deck. She can, of course, only sail with the wind behind, which is why pin-plats very frequently tow.

No disgrace in towing on the St. Lawrence, either for "Venture" or "Jean Paul," pin plat or schooner yacht. The current is always running out to the sea. The tide comes in from the sea twice a day and runs back twice a day. Unless you have the wind behind you you might as well stay at anchor till the tide turns, which means half your time.

These tides and currents—and the fogs—are what give the St. Lawrence route its bad name. Apart from that it is not difficult. The reefs and shoals are not bad. There is plenty of deep water. And no waterway in the world is better buoyed and lighted. Canada has sunk millions in beacons, blasting, lightships, and other helps to guide the shipping of the seven seas to the wharves of Montreal. Why not enough to open the gateways of the west?

Be that as it may, as her own aux-

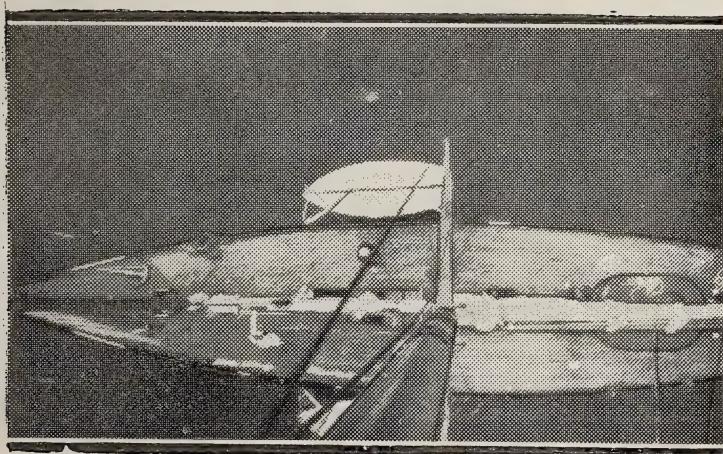
iliary engine was under the weather, the steady drag of a tug was infinitely preferable for "Venture," in contrast to endless zigzagging with the wind ahead when the tide was flooding, or weary waiting at anchor while the ebb ran out.

We toddled out of the Basin at low water at 6 o'clock Friday morning, with the sunrise gliding the lofty roof of Chateau Frontenac; and by luncheon time of that perfect summer day we were forty miles above Wolfe's landing place and the great bridge. It was no fly in the ointment at all that the "Hudson" with her numerous trailers had to anchor when the ebbtide joined the river current in a gallop seaward. This was at the narrows below Port Neuf

and Lotbiniere.

And for a long delicious afternoon we lay sun-basking on the white-deck, under a sky the color of pale violets, with shores of green velvet on one side and a grey suede on the other. It was the gentlest day since the "Venture" started from Bristol; and the warmest. For the first time since leaving Marblehead we went without sea boots.

When the tide turned we went on; and by such easy stages reached Three Rivers Saturday and Sorel Sunday. Here we spent the day, our familiar old "Hudson" having left us, to take barges to the Champlain, and our new tug having broken her steering gear. But by Monday morning the "Simmac" had us in Montreal.



THIS IS WHAT THE COMMODORE SAW

When he looked down on Venture's deck, after a shot at the twelve barges ahead of us.



THROUGH THE CANALS— PLAYING HOOK BEHIND

Negotiating the Six Steps Up the St. Lawrence Stairs Strenuous Work.
 —“Red Duster” and Blue Ensign.—Merchant Skippers Were Obliging and the “Brignogan’s” Most of All—How the Yacht “Venture” Finished Her Voyage Home.

On Tuesday, Aug. 21. — After a day's inquiries and negotiations we completed an arrangement with the “City of Ottawa” to tow us from Montreal to Kingston, we using our own power entering and leaving the locks, and she towing us on the levels and in the river. We were to start ahead of her.

Six canals, with stretches of river or lake between, carry you up from Montreal, where the St. Lawrence is a smooth-flowing river, hurrying seaward, to Prescott, 211 feet higher, where it has gathered its tribute from the Great Lakes and commences to hurl it down the rapids.

The Lachine Canal has five locks and lifts you 46 feet.

The Beauharnois Canal has been abandoned to power generation. The Sculanges Canal, instead, takes you past the Cascades Rapids with an 84-foot lift in three jerks.

Then after crossing Lake St. Francis, the Cornwall Canal lifts you up over the Long Sault Rapids, where devoted Adam Dulac and his gallant band baulked the Iroquois in their foray on Montreal. The Cornwall has six locks and raises you 47 feet.

One lock in the canal at Farran's Point gives you the 3½-foot raise necessary to get up to the Rapide du Plat, or Morrisburg Canal, where two more locks lift you 11½ feet higher.

Last of all the Galop Canal gives you a boost of 19¼ feet, past the Galop Rapids, at Iroquois, and if your power or towline are good enough you should be able to make Prescott, and so on up the river against the current to Kingston at the foot of Lake Ontario.

All these canals mean an immense amount of work and anxiety in stopping, backing, heaving lines,

etc., and all for so little purpose. Montreal's docks are for ships drawing 30 feet of water. The greatest draft that can pass westward or eastward to or from the great heart of Canada, through these canals, is 14 feet. Twenty-five hundred tons of coal or 2,700 tons of grain is a maximum cargo. Two vessels of any size cannot lock through at once. So all Canada west of Quebec is doomed to do without the advantages of seaborne traffic, save such as comes in bottoms less than 255 feet in length and less than 14 feet in depth.

By strenuous effort a Bohemian mechanic got our engine running in time to start ahead of the “Ottawa.” “All” that was wrong with the engine, according to his diagnosis was: (1) it had been flooded before we learned when to turn the cooling water off; (2) in avoiding a repetition of this we had burned out the packing of the cylinder heads; (3) in renewing the packing we had got the timing wrong.

With the engine at last puttering bravely we hauled into the first lock of the Lachine Canal, feeling like LaSalle when he exclaimed “A la Chine!” “On to China!”

Entering a lock required two hands to hop out on to the canal bank in the pouring rain to make fast bow and stern lines and cast them off; two more to look after the ends on board; one or two to fend off; one man at the wheel; and one on the engine. If there was any hitch—a line lost, or hauled in too soon or too late, it meant a bump; and that in spite of the three plump round fenders and half dozen cylindrical ones that garnished our sides. These precautions and preparations had to be taken and in some cases

negotiated every time we approached one of the dozen bridges that also barred our way.

So we went through the first lock, and so we negotiated all five; climbing thereby past the Lachine Rapids where "Big John" used to pilot the steamers, and getting 46 feet above the level of the St. Lawrence. It was a cold, wet, dirty evening, and at the end of it we reached the entrance to Lake St. Louis, and moored off the canal bank to wait for our steamer.

"Moored off" is strictly accurate. A boom of slippery logs, over which the water washed, lay all along the stone wall. Down on to this we had to jump and up the stone wall we had to climb to get our lines out.

By this time it was blowing like all possessed, right down the canal. A big steamer came in from Lake St. Louis, slowly nosing towards the guard lock in spite of the belaboring of the gale.

"You'll hafta tie up, Cap; no power can't swing bridge!" hailed a voice from the bank, and the big fellow, undisturbed, winked first a red and then a green eye at the "Venture" and dropped in between her and a moored steamer with about ten feet to spare at our end and ten inches at the other.

In an hour or so they swung the

bridge for him, and he went on, kicking loose the log boom with the thrash of his propeller.

We fought it with pike poles and boot heels for half an hour and finally got it fended back into its place and clear of us.

Then the "City of Ottawa" came along.

"Blowing too hard to tow you; all I can do to take care of myself," was her captain's verdict.

So she ploughed on; and midnight, the end of this, perfect day, was marked by the moon breaking through the rain clouds to see us struggle with more mooring lines and fenders, while the northwest gale shrieked through the rigging.

In the memory of those who participated in it, the passage of the "Venture" up the St. Lawrence will always seem a wild whirl of strenuous days and sleepless nights. Despite the ministrations of the Bohemian gentleman who overhauled it in Montreal, the auxiliary engine which was her chief reliance for her passage enjoyed anything but good health. Sometimes it ran, sometimes it walked. More frequently it stopped and the crew did the walking.

Taking a 72-foot yacht through the canal locks by hand power is much the same as shunting a forty-ton freight car through a crowded



The "John E. Morrow" overhauling us in Lake St. Louis, Aug. 22.

railway yard by the same method. The straightaway work of hauling up to a lock or out of a lock required only the muscles and intelligence of canal mules. Without boasting, we were able to supply that.

But to handle her properly in a lock demanded skill and judgment, as well as strength and speed. She would walk into the open gates at four miles an hour, a speed necessary to make headway against the current running out and keep her under control. To prevent her from barging into the headgates or the concrete sides of her cell it was necessary to heave up mooring lines for bow and stern, sometimes twenty feet immediately overhead. It was also necessary to have two men up on the concrete twenty feet above, to get those mooring lines and throw their bowlines over niggerheads, so as to snub the forty tons of dead weight which was all the time travelling.

Many of the locks had no ladders on the sides. In the Quebec canals, locktenders would not touch a line for us. In the Ontario canals, from the Cornwall up, the locktenders were English speaking and obliging. But with millions of electrical horsepower slithering to waste down the rapids most of these Ontario canals were still using man power and muscle to open and close the lock gates. Consequently the tenders had little time for courtesy.

The yacht was much harder to handle than a canal boat, for being pivoted on one centre, the least difference in pressure forward or aft would throw her bow in or her stern out. Thanks to great care and many fenders she got through without a scrape on her side, but they were stained and blackened and had much of their paint rubbed off by the protectors.

It was necessary to get a tow for each long stretch of rapid-running St. Lawrence between the canals and the occasional long levels within the canals. This added to the nightmare, for while there were many steamers, and nearly all were willing to tow, none was willing to wait.

We broke our necks, figuratively speaking, to get through the Lachine Canal so as to be towed by the "City

of Ottawa" across Lake St. Louis and up to the Soulanges Canal. The "City of Ottawa" was behind us. When we got to the end of the Lachine Canal it was blowing too hard for her to do more than look after herself.

So we waited until the "Senator Derbyshire" was willing to try her luck. The "Senator" got us across Lake St. Louis by dark of the second night, and had to wait at the foot of the Soulanges. This gave us a chance, and we tackled the Soulanges, getting through ahead of her and being towed through the night across Lake St. Francis—a 23-mile stretch—as far as the Cornwall Canal.

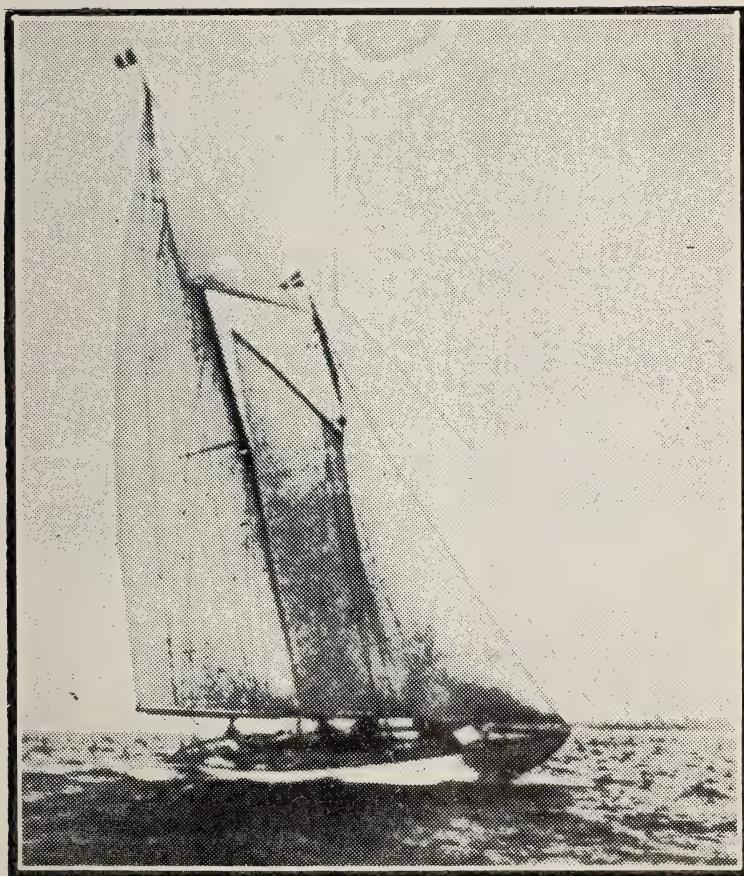
But the "Senator" could not wait for us here. After getting through two locks by ourselves our engine lay down and died and we waited in a level till we got a tow from the "Palm Bay."

We had hopes of keeping that schoolgirl complexion and being towed along through the tearing current of the next piece of river, but just at the last lock of the Cornwall, where she would have waited for us, we went aground on the canal bank, and it took an hour's hard work with capstan and winches to get our forty tons off again. Of course we lost our tow.

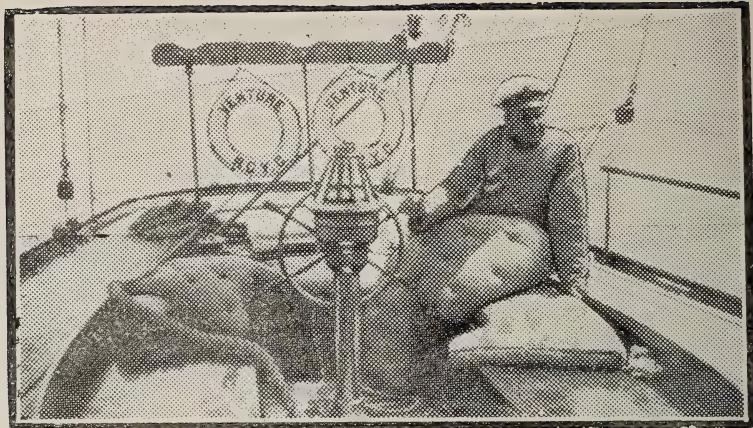
The next Good Samaritan was the "Brignogan" of Montreal, commanded by Capt. Barrett, an ex-navy man. He picked us up outside the last lock of the Cornwall, carried us up the river and let us lock in with him into the 800-foot lock of the Farran's Point Canal. The locks in the other canals are only 255 feet long, so it was impossible to get in with the towing steamer. The "Brignogan" towed us through the Farran's Point Canal, and the Morrisburg, and up to Cardinal, at the beginning of the last canal of all, the one which overcomes the Galop rapids.

Here Capt. Barrett had to stop for orders. His orders were to go to Sodus, N.Y., on Lake Ontario, to load coal, and he very obligingly waited a few minutes for us at Iroquois, at the far end of the Galops Canal. It was long after midnight, 3.40 a.m. Friday to be exact, when he took us out into the river again,

“FULL AND BY” FOR HOME



**“Venture” after letting go the towline off the Galloo, Lake Ontario,
August 24th.**



"And it was cold. Oh, it was cold"—The navigator in the morning watch on Lake Ontario, Aug. 25th.

and by sunrise he was whirling us through the Thousand Islands at eleven-knot speed. He had a fine steamer and she was handled like a motor launch.

One incident gave proof of the stuff of which Capt. Barrett and the "Brignogan" were made. In the twilight of Thursday evening, after leaving the Cornwall Canal, as we swept around the bend of Weaver's Point, in the St. Lawrence, the old towline which the steamer had passed to us parted. We were in the centre of a swift current, running five knots. We anchored and prayerfully cranked our own engine. To give the little beast credit, she responded at once. Even against the tug of the current she took up the slack of the anchor chain.

The "Brignogan" stood by for us. We hove up our anchor and went up to her under our own power, when a fresh line was passed. Our engine would never have got us as far as the next canal in all that current; in fact, it refused to take us out of the next lock, but it did work when it was needed most.

By noon we were out of the St. Lawrence for good, and up to the islands that stud the foot of Lake Ontario. The lake rollers were coming in blue and green, the sweet

fresh water danced in the sun and the south wind blew. So we hoisted the sails which had lain snug under their smoke-grimed covers ever since leaving Quebec, cast off the towline and went boiling home.

Many a farewell blast was blown by the "Brignogan"; and we were proud to dip our blue ensign in salute to the "old red duster" of the merchant service which flapped at her stern.

By 6 p.m. we were up to the Scotch Bonnet, and the "Brignogan" was out of sight—in Sodus, probably. As we changed the dog watches we had a heavy squall, for which we shortened down to foresail only. It was the same squall which spilled the hailstones over Toronto Friday evening.

Our intention was to go on to Cobourg, and get a night's sleep—the first since leaving Montréal. We had not been out of our clothes for four nights, what with locking or standing by for steamers in the canal; and like the steamer hands, we had got so that we would fling ourselves down on the grass while the canal locks filled and snatch forty winks between lockings.

But there was a good bright moon, and home was ahead, and by the



The commodore found it cold, too, that last morning out, on
Lake Ontario, Aug. 25th.

time we were up to Cobourg it was too late to get a night's rest anyway; so we thrashed her on, with the spray leaping aboard by the barrelful and the air getting colder and colder until the watch, although muffled like mummies, were chilled to the bone.

And early in the afternoon we

had our reward—the camera men were galloping along the Eastern Gap to snap us as we tacked through, and the "Kwasind" was blowing salutes, and the little C-boats were standing on their tails with excitement as we picked up the R.C.Y.C. moorings the "Haswell," "Venture's" predecessor, had vacated last May.



“FINALLY, BRETHREN ——”

Some Deductions from the Voyage.—“Hardships” Were Nil.—Schooner Never Needed Pumping in 2,135-mile Trip.—And “Venture’s” Crew Never Missed a Meal in 36 Days’ Sailing.—Amateur Navigation A1.—Every Landfall Was Correct—Some Deductions from Commodore Jarvis’ Latest Voyage from New England to Toronto.

With 2,135 miles of voyaging over, it may be permissible to offer some deductions from “Venture’s” experience.

In the first place there is the “marconi” rig. The unin tutored reader must be told that “Venture” has a very tall mainmast, longer than the boat herself, on which is set one triangular sail, the mainsail. This combines in its expanse the area normally covered by a gaff mainsail and the working topsail or club topsail set above it. With the ordinary rig the first move towards shortening down is lowering the club topsail or clewing up the working topsail. For anything but a hard blow this is sufficient reduction of canvas.

In “Venture” the only way to shorten down is to reef or furl. There is one row of reef grommets in the mainsail, about three feet above the boom. The reef points are pulled through these holes or grommets at the time of reefing. Taking off a three-foot strip from a sail 72 feet high is a very small reduction, actually about ten per cent. If it is really blowing hard it is necessary to furl the mainsail altogether and set in its place another small triangular sail, the trysail. This is a very comfortable little sail, easily handled, but without much driving power. “Venture” has a form that is very easily driven.

Reefing the mainsail is an easier job than might be expected, but it is no child’s play. There being no big gaff overhead to sway about it is not necessary to lower the sail completely for reefing. In all the voyage it never refused to come down, nor was it very hard to hoist. But the battens in it, to hold out the round of the leach or hypotenuse of the triangle, were a continual

worry and for seawork had to be taken out.

The mainsail is secured to the mast by small clasps or slides, gripping the edges of a track on the after side of the spar. These slides were continually being torn off in hoisting and lowering the sail, until we found out that we should top up the boom, thus taking the strain off the lower part of the sail.

While the rig has been referred to as a “marconi” it is more accurately described as a leg-of-mutton. The mast is tall, but hardly of the extreme height of a marconi pole, and is perfectly straight.

For lengthy seagoing a smaller mainsail that did not need any battens to hold out its leach would be an improvement.

The “marconi” mast itself is so tall that it presents a lot of windage, about equal in area to the canvas in the single reef. It is a lot of spar to have swinging about in a seaway, and there is no way of reducing it, as there would be with a gaff and topmast. Still, it gave no trouble all the way. The one constant care was the backstays. One of these has always to be set up, bar-taut, or the whole rig may go over the side. Running free in a rolling sea, with the boom broad off before light and shifting airs, was a strenuous task for the watch when that watch consisted of two men, one to steer and the other to handle mainsheet, boom pennant and weather and lee backstays. In much of a breeze Mr. Jarvis usually put the ship about instead of jibing.

Spray cloths, eighteen inches wide which he strung under the mahogany quarter rail from main shrouds to backstay runners, proved a happy inspiration. They not only kept out

the wet but they kept out the cold wind. The rail itself was another splendid assistance towards remaining on board, as were the stout lifelines rigged on either side, from the stem head to the quarters. Another happy wrinkle was shifting the storm jib as soon as we left port.

Next, as to the squaresail. An invaluable sail for long runs with the wind fair, it added at least a mile an hour to the speed which could be obtained with a spinnaker set in its place, it required little trimming once it was aloft, and could be kept drawing when a rolling sea would cockbill a spinnaker.

As already explained we used the spinnaker boom to extend the tack of the squaresail with very satisfactory results. The "Venture's" squaresail is no mere storm-patch, but a big quadrilateral with as much cloth in it almost as the mainsail. It can be reefed. Its only fault is that it is much heavier than necessary.

The "Venture" is not as dry a ship as the "Haswell." She has less proportionate freeboard and sails faster. She throws more spray and scoops up rough water at both ends if it blows hard enough. Driving at her maximum speed the wash of her lee quarter wave buried the lower half of her taffrail and swirled up to the weather corner. Of course, she was not in racing trim, but loaded two or three inches beyond her marks with an assortment of twenty or thirty extra sails and their gear, and considerable luggage.

But at no time was "Venture" seriously awash on deck, and "below stairs" she was as dry as a bootlegger's patron's throat. Day after day the watch would pour a bucket of seawater into the pump, and day after day he would get out one bucket—no more, no matter how it had been blowing. Sometimes heavy rain or a boarding sea would spill a gallon or two down the forescuttle, imprudently left open.

Then the "hardships." There weren't any. In the whole 2,135 miles we never missed a meal. Every meal was served in comfort and in its full courses. We had enough men for three complete

watches, two men to a watch. For much of the time we had a couple of men to spare, so the cook only took a watch when he wanted an airing, and the skipper only had to turn out at night occasionally, if we were making port or if it was blowing hard. There was never a night where all hands were on deck all the time. We always had some sleep at night and usually eight hours; for the three watches gave eight hours below and four on deck.

The day we fled up the Gulf before a southeaster, under storm try-sail, reefed foresail and storm jib, everybody had twice as much time, cosy and dry in the cabin, as he had to spend on deck, cold and wet. And down below you could not realize that a few feet above you it was blowing forty miles an hour, chopping the tops off the waves and making the gulls fly backwards.

As a matter of fact, there were more "hardships" facing the raging canals than in all the fury of the Atlantic Ocean, St. Lawrence River and Lake Ontario combined.

An outstanding feature of the voyage was the sterling persistence and efficiency of "Venture's" navigating staff. Mr. Jarvis was relieved of much of the anxiety and responsibility of the passage by the presence in the guest crew of Mr. Grenville Finch-Noyes, of Oakville, who has raced and sailed with the commodore for several seasons.

Mr. Noyes put his seafaring propensities to patriotic use during the war. He was a lieutenant in the R.N.C.V.R., and was navigating officer in the "Hochelaga."

In the "Venture's" passage he stood his watch like everyone else, and in addition "never let the ship out of his sight." At all hours of the day or night he would be plotting courses, taking observations, working up dead reckoning or disentangling tide tables.

The weather was seldom favorable for "ights." The horizon was always bad, the sun frequently hidden in mist for days. Yet such was the thoroughness of Mr. Noyes' work that we never made a landfall that was not just "where and when" it should have been. Chebucto Head,

near Halifax, came out through the fog right up under the bows—and not more than a quarter of a mile away—just when it was expected; and that was the first solid thing we had seen since leaving the coast

of Massachusetts three days before. If anyone worked hard in the passage it was our navigator, and his work itself was the highest praise that could be given him. It was perfect.



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